

The COMMONWEAL

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—Arms for Living—Marriage—Gentlemen
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Declaration of Dependence—Briefers*

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American Situation: Administration Policy

WE LOOK to the President's Navy Day speech for an exposition of administrative policy on the war. It says that Hitler has attacked shipping in areas "close to the Americas," has sunk American-owned ships and attacked and hit an American warship. The US Navy has had orders to shoot on sight. The navies of the two nations are shooting at each other; they are, presumably, attacking each other.

Very simply and very bluntly—we are pledged to pull our own oar in the destruction of Hitlerism.

What is that oar, and what does the Administration want it to be? 1) Production of arms. 2) Delivery of arms and supplies . . . "It is the nation's will that America shall deliver the goods." To what extent has the second point been made operative? The laws of the nation at present circumscribe our legal actions in assuring delivery of the goods. But to meet the challenge to delivery, the order has already gone out from the Executive for 3) "the American Navy to shoot on sight."

The speech proposes four developments for the present:

- Our American merchant ships must be armed to defend themselves against the rattlesnakes of the sea.
- Our American merchant ships must be free to carry our American goods into the harbors of our friends.
- And our American ships must be protected by our American Navy.

This last means, presumably, protected into the

harbors of our friends. The fourth development proposed, point d), concerns, vaguely, preventing obstruction to production by managers or labor leaders.

This is proclaimedly a "shooting" policy, and it means that already, to a "shooting" degree, we have joined the war, through a combination of executive and congressional actions whose relative responsibility people are apparently determined to judge according to their passions. It is flatly a policy of war production. It is flatly a policy of naval shooting. It is flatly a policy of supplying war instruments to friendly belligerents, in their own ports, by the use of the American merchant marine and the American Navy. The question of an American Expeditionary Force is not treated now by the administration. Production, delivery, and naval shooting are instruments of a strategy and hope described in the speech:

The first objective of that defense is to stop Hitler. He can be stopped and can be compelled to dig in. And that will be the beginning of the end of his downfall, because dictatorship of the Hitler type can live only through continuing victories and increasing conquests.

This is a long way in the war, with many steps for unfinished argument along the way. Note the Senate at present. It becomes increasingly important and realistic, if perhaps a bit morbid, to ask sincerely where, how and when the US and the world are going to get out. The President's speech says cursorily:

And when we have helped to end the curse of Hitlerism, we shall help to establish a new peace which will give to decent people everywhere a better chance to live and prosper in security and in freedom and in faith.

But the problem of the end of the war is rightly integral with the problem of entering it. The outline of the end has hardly begun.

Tradition and a New Order

IN ITS broadest terms this problem of the peace is the subject of the leading article of the October issue of the *Dublin Review*. Christopher Dawson considers in characteristic long-range fashion the possibilities of restoring order in our badly shattered world. That this is the concern of everyone, everywhere, he indicates by the statement that probably only the fastnesses of Tibet and the deep interior of Arabia are not involved in the present break-up of Europe. Hitler, by destroying the very principles of order and thereby the possibility of his dominion's own survival, obviously does not have the solution, although he may for a time rule the Continent of Europe. On the other hand, an Anglo-American world organization which ignored national and other traditions of the peoples of the Continent would be doomed to failure. Mr. Dawson believes that organizationally the U. S. A., the U. S. S. R. and the British Commonwealth embody suggestions

that would preserve a requisite amount of cultural autonomy in the projected new world order. And he maintains that the advice of anti-nazis from every land would be invaluable in counteracting the insularity of Anglo-American statesmen. He recognizes that modern society at best has only remnants of the Christian past, some roots that go back to that community of spirit which made Europe possible. Consequently it is the Catholic of today who bears the greatest responsibility in restoration, for he alone is heir to the whole of the European tradition. This means that "religion must come back into public life, or the political ideologies will replace religion, as occurred in the totalitarian state." That is why he considers the Sword of the Spirit, an English organization which seems to have no counterpart in this country, of such importance. For it "is an attempt to fill the gap between the Christian Church and the Secular State—a gap, a yawning abyss, which threatens to swallow up everything." Mr. Dawson does not specify the means by which this is to be done. What he is concerned to do is, however, to show that the establishment of order in the world is not merely a matter of mechanics of organization. There must be motives, aspirations, beliefs common to the constituent peoples—certain minimums must be agreed upon.

Strikes and Compulsion

JOHN DOS PASSOS wrote several novels in which there are passages describing what various working men felt during the last war and what they endured when national unity for war production became rather brutally compulsory. It is thoroughly tactless to recall these books at this hour. Yet after all they did produce in many minds a lasting impression that much injustice had been committed and that labor had been coerced and pressed into service.

This is another war and we are not arguing its character in this paragraph. It is possible to contend that the contemporary equivalents of the characters which make "Three Soldiers" so depressing to recall will not be exposed, in this war, to the injustice and impressment of the last. It is possible, also, to contend that when war comes to a country labor is always faced with certain constant factors. When war comes the labor movement, and the human beings who compose that movement and place their hopes in its future, may follow three courses. They may believe that the objectives of the war if achieved will favor their plans for a better society and, believing this, they may voluntarily dedicate themselves to furthering the prosecution of the war through unstinted efforts toward ever greater production. To some extent this appears to be the case in England now. When this is the spirit of the workers, by common consent, there will be no

strikes. An opposite and extreme course which labor might follow would be the revolutionary one. War subjects a mixed society to immense stress. An organized minority essential to the prosecution of the war could see the war period as one in which it could effect its junction with the authority of the state, become the state—at the expense of other less coherent classes. Such would be the purpose in America of the Communist Party were it not otherwise presently engaged. Strikes under this theory would be aimed at endangering the war potential of the nation and forcing those in charge of its destinies to capitulate to a revolutionary program supported by the proletariat.

There is also a middle course. Supporters of labor unions and of the labor movement may believe that the objectives of the war are of no overriding immediate concern to them and that their action to improve their present "way of life" must be pursued in spite of the war. Yet not in open opposition to the war and admittedly within the framework of present society. The war will be considered as a period during which labor can hope but to maintain its position with the least possible loss of ground. Labor will be on the defensive: it will abandon the right to strike—the weapon with which it parallels the power of money—only under compulsion, only after disorder. In America, now, we feel that the attitude of a certain much criticized section of the labor movement is determined, at least partially, by a legitimate desire to maintain what it can of recent gains in security and power. There is no unanimous, fervent consent to the war. The labor movement continues its "business as usual"—the legitimate and the illegitimate mixed as always in the confusion of human purpose. But since also it is not revolutionary, it accepts the fact of the present American social structure and within that structure which is now keyed to a war effort, it cannot expect to be allowed to strike.

Jeeps without Gimcracks

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE have no conception what shortages are just ahead. Many consumers currently in the market for a wide range of articles from anti-freeze to electric refrigerators are beginning to have an inkling. Rationing of raw materials for 1942 is leading producers in two main directions. Either they plan to concentrate production on higher priced styles or models, where profit is proportionately greater, or they turn to simplification and reduction in size so that the number of individual articles produced will be nearly as great. The proposal of Joseph W. Frazer, president of Willys-Overland Motors, is in this second category. He has suggested to the Supply, Priorities and Allocation Board that motor manufacturers be restricted to production

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of their lightest weight model. It would mean Chevrolets but not Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Cadillacs; Plymouths, not Dodges or Chryslers; Fords, not Mercuries or Lincolns, etc. This would undoubtedly work great hardship on certain manufacturers, plants, communities; this is the factor that would have to be balanced against whatever national gain could reasonably be expected. Mr. Frazer also has a number of interesting points in his proposed plan to save 44,808,270 pounds of raw materials and to release factories, tools and men for armament making. No deluxe models; only two-door and four-door sedan models; no ornaments; smallest tires possible; only three coats of paint; wholesale replacement of "critical materials" by substitute materials. Carry this a bit further and a real American Volkswagen, analogous to the model T in its day, may be produced. Gasoline economy gives added reason for adoption of the lower horsepower motor so long popular in Europe. The army "jeep" seems to have caught the popular fancy. Possibly the time for a nationally popular American small car is at last at hand.

Less Noise in More Places

VERY POSITIVE approval must greet the latest plans of the National Noise Abatement Council. Heretofore their practical schedule has consisted in putting through one no-noise week a year in various parts of the country. They now project a twelve-month nation-wide program which will be modified in attack or emphasis by local committees to suit local conditions, but will everywhere attempt the serious permanent education of the populace in the actuality of noise. The curious fact is that great numbers of people, often sensitive and civilized in other respects, barely know the problem exists, though their lives are spent in the midst of it. Noise is a separator of man from man, or at least of temperament from temperament. No external common denominator of response seemingly exists. Physicists may speak of decibels and psychologists establish thresholds of toleration, but it remains true that harsh street noises or a late-blating radio will lull one man to sleep and drive another man crazy. This is perhaps an actual part of the problem. Even when noise does not torture the nerves (and hardly any torture is greater), it impairs their tone and resilience; prevents basic relaxation—with who can tell what effect on our stomach-ulcer and nervous-breakdown rate—above all, destroys the conditions and the capacity for reflective thinking. Who indeed can doubt that the twelve-hour radio schedule in some homes is directed exactly to that end? The welcome suffusing clamor drowning out the menace of thought! Some of our noise is unnecessary, in the sense that technology could cure it, but the vast

bulk is controllable only through the human agencies behind it. The Noise Abatement Council has undertaken a civilizing office. It deserves the co-operation of civilized men.

The I. L. O.

THE CONFERENCE of the International Labor Office meets again in the United States after a lapse of 22 years, for it was in Washington that the first congress was held in October, 1919.

During this period, observers of social questions have grown accustomed to these meetings in which each country is represented by a threefold delegation—of State, of employers and of workmen—delegations which in the spirit of the Institution have a sufficient mutual independence so that the workers' delegate or the employers' delegate can at any time vote against the State delegate. Thus the representative of the States does not absorb nor subordinate to his views the total representation of his country, and this is a paradoxical innovation in the long story of international relations. This arrangement of a threefold representation from each country in the International Labor Office presupposes the right of employers and employees to form free associations. This in turn presupposes a State that does not seek systematically to destroy autonomous collective forces nor to subordinate them in a totalitarian manner to national strength. And it is the existence of such autonomous potential powers—these autonomous powers arising from free association—which totalitarian theory and practice consider to be in a very dangerous manner *outside* the structure of the State and which they therefore bring by force *within* the State.

Nothing outside the State, everything within the State: that is the principle of the integrating process which we saw applied first in Italy, then in Germany, and which now, in the van of the nazi armed forces, has swept over almost all of Europe. Some account of the measures taken and the coercion used by the German authorities in countries partially or totally occupied is embodied in certain pages of the ILO report on War-time Developments in Government-Employers-Workers' Collaboration. The rhythm of the measures taken to subordinate the economy of nations to the State has been more or less rapid, and the intention and the aim, I believe, have always been the same: integration with the German system of organized industrial and labor strength. On one hand each industrial sector is formed into a "gruppe" under a führer; in each sector authority does not come from the base, or from the *entrepreneur*, but from above, from the State. On the other hand, free syndicates are dissolved and replaced by organizations which

are formed in the image of the Labor Front and which have no power of bargaining or of entering into contracts with the employer. Totalitarianism necessarily excludes collective bargaining, and especially all bargaining to determine wages—an action which in democracy is the most usual activity of both trade unions and employer organizations.

Suppression of collective bargaining is the totalitarian, radical solution of the problem placed before our time in all countries by the entrance of a third party, the State, into the dialogue between employers and workers. Wherever there persists autonomous and organized industry and labor, must exist also, in the very nature of things, within each such country, this threefold collaboration which the ILO has projected into international social policy.

There is no way to get away from this problem. To feel how inevitably present it is, one need only survey the whole story of State intervention in industrial relationships. There was no problem when, as a first reaction to absolute liberalism, the State simply intervened to define certain minimum conditions for labor, for instance an age limit for child labor, a normal limit for working hours, or more generally, when the State determined legally only a small number of questions, leaving the others to be solved by direct discussion between employers and employees. But these discussions, and this bargaining, could not be left entirely to a free and natural development with no reference to the imperative interests of public order and national interest. The representatives of the State were therefore led to intervene, as a third force, between the two parties in order to conciliate their opposing interests. So long as this action taken by the State consists in finding a common ground on which opposing points of view can meet, or even in proposing a formula for agreement, there is no essential change in the liberal régime, since in last resort both employers and workers remain free to accept or to refuse the proposed solution and remain themselves responsible for working conditions.

But there is a complete and fundamental change when the third party formulates an arbitration award which by law becomes binding on both parties. With compulsory arbitration (such, for instance, as was known in France after 1936 and until 1939) we actually are passing from one régime to another régime in which it is the State itself, through its representatives, which assumes responsibility for the solution of conflict and exercises its authority. And once this State authority is utilized, by its very nature it tends to overwhelm all opposition. Under this system, whenever employers and workers fail to come to an agreement in direct discussion and are forced therefore to have recourse to arbitration, they lose both re-

sponsibility for settling, and freedom to settle, their own affairs. It is obvious that such a procedure is opposed equally to the spirit of liberal capitalism and to trade unionism, for the first has for its practical ideal the independence of the employer, and the second is based on the right of workers to work only under conditions freely accepted by their representatives. It is not difficult to understand why compulsory arbitration has met with great resistance. A well known economist has said that with this institution begins the enslavement to the State of both employers and employees.

Let us suppose that we yield to this distrust and this opposition to compulsory arbitration and that we limit the intervention of the State in the social order by refusing to allow it to intervene in the bargaining between employers and workers. The difficulty which we would thus seek to avoid reappears at once; it is not removed, because of the intervention of the State in the economic order. A war economy or even a defense economy is today in one degree or another a planned economy. For this to be true there is no necessity to repudiate the régime of industrial property nor the principle of free enterprise. It is true whenever through military necessity the State becomes the principal client of a great number of enterprises and is led to subordinate their production to its own necessities and to its own plan. The execution of this plan becomes a matter which does not concern primarily private interests but is subordinate fundamentally to the public interest which must prevail above everything else. It is entirely comprehensible that a conflict in a factory working for national defense is not of the same nature as conflict elsewhere; and this is because the *entrepreneur* is not alone face to face with his workmen—the State itself is involved. And it is not at all certain that this kind of problem will disappear when war is ended, for it may happen, as many people believe, that the economy of reconstruction must be a planned economy to no less a degree than the war economy has been a planned economy.

This is no matter of finding a temporary and practical solution to meet the urgent pressure of events. Such a solution might suffice, possibly, to carry out the war effort to a successful conclusion. It would not suffice to provide a basis for a future society. And it will be necessary to dedicate to this problem an immense effort of thought. We must take up our conception of what is the function of the employer and of the labor movement and of the State itself and think these conceptions out in the light of changing conditions. We must make this effort if we want to effect a true reconstruction and if we do not want to see again, after another 1919, another 1941.

HERBERT MORRIS.

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The Flying Shuttle

And the loom
of rural life.

By Emerson Hynes

IT WAS several years ago during a lengthy speech at the National Catholic Rural Life convention. I had resorted to doodling, and while the speaker purred on, I sketched a rural church. I added trees, a cemetery, the sun, and finally drew a picket fence around the church; then my imagination failed. "Put a cow inside the fence," someone whispered from behind. I turned to see a big man beaming impishly. I had my first introduction to Father (now Monsignor) Luigi Ligutti.

That incident revealed both the personality and work of the Executive Secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. He is fast thinking and witty, with a gift for slogans and striking analogies. He has the sting of a professional agitator, but it is tempered with Italian charm. He tolerates speeches only as a means to provoke discussion. ("Timekeepers have orders to shoot any speaker going over the allotted time," he warned at the last national convention), and he wants discussion only if it will stir people to action. The particular action he wants is to "put a cow inside the fence" of the Church of the United States. Since 80 percent of American Catholics live in urban areas, Monsignor Ligutti invades episcopal residences, seminaries, colleges and parishes for supporters to place more Catholic families on the land, to aid those already there, and to convert non-Catholic farmers. He does not stop with Catholics, but weaves in various threads—Protestant leaders, chain store heads, cooperative directors and government officials. He is probably the best known agrarian in the nation—a flying shuttle in the rural life loom.

It is natural that many of his ideas concerning rural life have a similarity to the solid peasantry of the old world, for he emigrated from Italy as a young man in 1912. Sent to study for an advanced degree after ordination, he was dissatisfied until he was assigned a rural parish. There are many among the three hundred who make up the population of Granger, Iowa, who remember Monsignor Ligutti as a young priest, scooting out of town toward his country missions on a motorcycle, learning firsthand that that vicinity duplicated most of the social problems of the nation. The action which followed from that knowledge

is well known to readers of THE COMMONWEAL. He set up the first rural parochial school which was really rural in philosophy and curriculum. Those students not expecting to go in for higher learning were supplied with a farm shop, carpenter tools, hand looms and similar items to prepare them for living on the land.

The fame of Monsignor Ligutti rests upon a larger project—the Granger homesteads. In the early days of the New Deal he obtained a grant of \$200,000 to rehabilitate fifty families, most of them laborers in the nearby coal mines. The editor of a national farm magazine told me that no one could appreciate the struggle that Monsignor Ligutti had to establish the homesteads. Monsignor Ligutti, however, is concerned to point out the way they have succeeded. Not only do the families enjoy an immeasurably better living and a large degree of self-sufficiency, but there has been scarcely a default in payments. For him it is simply a proof that subsistence homesteading in connection with part-time work is essentially sound. And if it will work for the once propertyless group of miners, lacking education and even the unity of a common religion or nationality, why should it not be a pattern for millions of Americans?

Having succeeded in putting overalls on the boys in the Granger schools and cows and gardens in the backyards of the Granger miners, Monsignor Ligutti was eligible to broaden his activities. Two years ago he became the first full time Executive Secretary of the Rural Life Conference, and since that time has covered the whole of the United States and most of Canada, placing the ideals of the Conference before any who will listen. Last winter he went two hundred miles to talk to a rural life study club of ten members.

A few days later he was addressing several hundred in Chicago. The first week of October found him in Jefferson City, Missouri, cooperating with the rural life directors of the diocese of St. Louis in running the nineteenth annual convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Clouds over Missouri

Four of us drove from Minnesota for the convention, and we were promptly shown that it rains in Missouri. We were assigned rooms in a pri-

vate home, and when we returned from the first session of the convention we discovered that determined flood waters were occupying our residence and that our hosts had evacuated. While most of the speakers managed to reach the convention city, many of the prospective audience did not. That was, perhaps, a lesson in rural life, for farmers must be prepared for any catastrophe of nature. But perhaps the discussions and debates were improved because the groups were small and select. Anyone braving the Missouri rains and floods was certain to be genuinely interested.

The first thing I noted was the convention theme: "What helps rural life helps the Church and the Nation." Here was a national meeting held in 1941 which was *not* built around national defense! A sensitive urbanite might interpret this as the result of the ruralists' secret hope that all the cities be bombed out of existence. I hasten to assure our Eastern seaboard friends that no such malicious intention moved the program planners. But it is true that there was deliberate avoidance of such a theme as "Agriculture and Defense."

The reason was that the Conference leaders view the problem of rural America as bigger than and quite distinct from defense efforts. For them it is not so much a question of how can agriculture gear itself to the defense program, as how can agriculture prepare itself and the nation for the (to quote from the convention resolutions) "economic chaos, poverty, unemployment, social unrest and social upheaval" which faces the United States, war or no war. In other words, national defense intensifies and complicates but does not materially alter the rural problem. Its roots are decades old. Rightly or wrongly, the Conference stood by its principle that its first and primary duty is to help rural life. It assumes that in so doing it will help the nation. It evidently does not want, however, to be considered a cog in the defense machine.

Conference principles again

There was much talk and frequent debating by those in attendance. Above all there was good feeling and enthusiasm. Priests and laymen glowed with the joy of being able to talk with fellowmen who stood for the same ideas. Members of any minority group need to meet occasionally to bolster one another's morale, and this is especially true of the isolated rural pastor and farmer. The national convention also is justified because it focuses attention on the general aims. It makes a good excuse to ask the uninterested to spare a moment to listen to the ideas which motivated those people who waded to Jefferson City and sat in damp clothes to talk about the future of rural America.

The underlying conviction was that not enough

Catholics and not enough Americans live on the land. Mr. C. V. Gregory, associate publisher of Wallace's *Farmer*, expressed it well when he said that agricultural economists had estimated that Iowa could maintain its current farm production with 25 per cent fewer farm families, but that he was interested in how many *more* farm families it could support. There are those, I suppose, who see Mr. Gregory's statement as the selfish desire to get more potential subscribers to his magazine. It is certain that the Church's concern is interpreted by some as an effort to get more people in rural areas because that means more babies per family and more babies means more families in the future paying pew rent. In either case, an injustice is done. The rural leaders at Jefferson City were concerned above all with *persons and families*.

To make it possible for more families to live on the land and to maintain their ownership, the convention delegates condemned the following practices: concentrated land ownership by corporations and by absentee landlords, sharecropping and short term leases, crop specialization, and overmechanization. They held up the ideal of "stewardship farmers," who do not "mine, plunder and ruin their fields. They vary their crops and vary their animals, keeping a biological balance on their farms. . . . They plan home production of family food supplies. They follow a family land ownership. They equip their farm homes with modern appliances which help in this family-use production. They keep their farm homes attractive and beautiful. . . . Their family life is the everflowing strength for civil and religious society."

Fields of action

Few came to Jefferson City to learn the principles. The thing which perplexes rural leaders is "what to do." The convention was planned chiefly to suggest fields of action for them. Monsignor Ligutti has a scheme for getting plenty of qualified people to contribute. He puts everyone on the program. Every discussion period has three to six speakers and an equal number of source men. It makes an exhausting schedule, but an amazing number of ideas and plans are presented.

There were practical discussions and illustrations for the economic betterment, educational advancement, social improvement, governmental assistance and religious service for rural people. Cooperatives, credit unions, home production, rural schools, street preaching, chapel cars and federal farm agencies each had its hour. The whole gave the impression that much more is being done than most of us realize. The archdiocese of St. Louis, for instance, sponsors a motor chapel and a modern medicine wagon, a big

semi-truck carrying complete dental and medical equipment. Both of them are sent to the sparsely settled regions of the state, and St. Camillus's Medical and Dental Clinic is at the service of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In the six counties of Missouri where there are no resident priests, street preaching has been inaugurated. This work of the Missouri priests is not an isolated example. Nearly every one in attendance had a story to tell, had plans for the future. There is life and growth amongst the ruralists.

The passing of the hill-billy

Attendance at a rural life convention in Missouri demands a glimpse at rural life in Missouri and especially in the Ozark region. To one conditioned by cartoons in *Esquire* and by sober sociological research papers, it was a disappointment. A meandering trip through the Ozarks failed to reveal the expected. True enough, there were houses where, as the saying goes in Missouri, you can throw a cat through any wall, but none of them were any worse than can be found on the outskirts of any town or near the railroad tracks of any city. Women were attired in mail order specials that look every bit of \$1.59 and cost but \$1. A bridge was washed out on the road to the most inland town in the Ozarks, but we got there by another route to find the populace gathered under a Coca Cola sign, solemn over the fate of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Flood control must be credited with this "Americanization" of the hill-billy, for a huge dam on the Osage River has created the 129-mile-long Lake of the Ozarks and turned this unknown area into the recreational playground of tired citizens of St. Louis and Kansas City.

We went to the Ozarks to see the natives, but we found something much more interesting—Camp Leonard Wood. Where six months ago there were only wooded hills, now stands a city with permanent housing for more than 40,000 soldiers. It is complete with its own electric, water and sewage plants, its own fire department and police system, and 22 chapels, filled with the incense of new lumber. It is a stupendous achievement. As a citizen of the United States, I was left with no doubts about the efficiency of the American army. As a family man, however, I wondered about the thoughts and emotions of the parents whose sons lived here, of the 40,000 girls temporarily deprived of potential husbands. As a student of ethics I was concerned with the three miles of taverns and trailer houses which lined the road to the camp. The owner of a 20 by 20 foot tavern was bursting with bourgeois pleasure. "Business been great," he said. "Day afore the boys left for maneuvers they got me out of bed at six and didn't leave me a chance to eat till two in the afternoon. Sold a hundred twenty-nine cases of beer that day. Didn't even bother

to cool it. Didn't have time. Sunday it was."

And as a ruralist I wondered about many things. Is it significant that an efficient city can be built in six months while a good farm is the achievement of generations? Why is it that young men from every possible environment can, in three months, fit with perfect familiarity into this city, while one almost must be reared on a farm to be a successful farmer? How is it that everyone in this particular city is well fed and decently housed when the free city exacts such a toll of human misery? If in two years as much can be spent on this and similar defense preparations as the total worth of all the farm land, buildings and machinery, why cannot the same effort be exerted to make all our citizens owners and thereby free? We had much to talk about on our way back to Jefferson City.

The old guard

If continuity of member interest is a criterion of the worth of an organization, the NCRLC ranks high. Most of the familiar champions of the rural life cause attended. Of particular note was the presence of the Most Reverend Joseph Glennon, archbishop of St. Louis, for it was under his patronage that the first convention was held 19 years ago. The Most Reverend Edwin O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City, original founder of the Conference, the Most Reverend Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Bismarck, retiring president, and the Most Reverend Aloisius Muench, Bishop of Fargo, the new President of the conference, were among the fourteen members of the hierarchy who participated. Dr. O. E. Baker, faithful contributor from the Department of Agriculture, brought new population facts to substantiate the claim that rural people are the life source of the nation. Mr. F. P. Kenkel, Central Bureau of St. Louis, Mr. E. R. Bowen, general secretary of the Cooperative League, the Jesuit agrarians, Fathers LaFarge and Rawe, leaders of practical rehabilitation projects, Fathers Nell and McGoey, contributed as in past year. There were newcomers also: government men from the Farm Security Administration and the AAA; Mr. Ray Miller, President of Agricultural Trade Relations; Mr. Harold Foster, Secretary of Northwest Chain Store Council; and editors of the leading farm magazines.

The presence of the last mentioned illustrates Monsignor Ligutti's ability to interest others than Catholics in the Conference. There was a cosmopolitan (if a ruralist may use that word) air about the convention, and the most encouraging note was the humble statement of one of the farm magazine editors: "I'm certain that you people do not realize with what appreciation and admiration we outside your Faith watch the work of your Church for rural people."

It is a safe wager that as long as Monsignor

Ligutti continues, that work will increase. He has plans without end, and seemingly an equal amount of energy. He is an idealist but not a dreamer. It is unlikely that he will ever see in actuality his vision of rural America, a countryside of largely self-sufficient communities where all the farmers own and operate bio-dynamic farms and where all have access to the means for adequate educa-

tional and religious life. But it will not be because he does not labor hard for it. Nor for his failure to expect his colleagues to do likewise. He has the sly way of delegating work as if the task were really slight. And at one bold enough to protest, he will smile blandly and offer his favorite expression: "But it takes more brains to milk a cow."

Eternal Glory

The sacrament and treatment of death in the Christian tradition.

By H. A. Reinhold

IN 1920 the Abbot Primate of the Confederated Benedictine Order gave me an admission ticket to the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. Pope Benedict XV was presiding on the throne at a sung requiem for the deceased cardinals. I was not very much impressed by the outward ceremony itself, as I had not yet learned to savor the Italian way of being "familiar" in the sanctuary. However, one thing intrigued me very much indeed. During the final absolution the Pope wore a purple cope instead of the customary black one. Had they run out of black, with all those assistants and cardinals vested in gold and lace and black silk and brocade? It could not be! Since I was a newcomer to the liturgical movement at that time, I was very much concerned with the outward frills, rubrics, vestments and styles.

A few weeks later I was in Maria Laach, which then was still very much "in the bud" and was going through the heroic age of its liturgico-monastic renaissance. They had just had their first dialogue Mass in the crypt of the tremendous Romanesque minster. This was the place to inquire and, Dom Albert Hammenstede being then what he still is, a reservoir of information, full of good humor and a genius for historical intuition and theological sobriety, I ventured to ask him about the Pope's breaking the rubrics. It was then that I found out things. The Holy Father's purple cope made me see a new view of life and death and the hereafter. God bless the Vatican masters of ceremony, that they refused to go with the majority in the sixteenth century! And woe to us who not only have to bear the sight of the color of night and darkness when we sing: "May the angels lead thee into Paradise," but to hear the quietly triumphant chants of our requiem Masses interrupted by the poetically beautiful, but liturgically heterogeneous

blast of terror: "Dies irae, dies illa." Yes, I admit the sequence is fine, a masterpiece of medieval rhyme, a terrifying sermon in verse, a soul-stirring appeal to the survivors and, I admit this too, a song of Christ's mercy, yet with a tinge of terror and fear. While with filial obedience I have been reading and singing it for years, and while I always listen to it with a serious attempt to be devout, I wish it were not there, just as I wish we would wear purple at Requiems and funeral services.

This is the time for all "serious" readers, clerical and lay, to turn over to the next article. Why listen to one of these liturgical cranks and self-appointed reformers who knows exactly where and when Mother Church was caught napping, and how the true spirit died out at the end of his own pet period, be it Gothic or Renaissance, or the age of the Fathers and "truly" great Councils. I know it! I have heard it so often from the more mature, seasoned and complacent fellow members of the cloth. They have all the answers, and everything is fine. Why should one listen to a few malcontents and critics? The Church was never in better condition than now, according to them. If this were not a respectable magazine, and if this were not an article concerned with spiritual things, I would say in the good old American way, "O yeah?"

So I plead for patience. Listen to this and then decide.

Let us examine the liturgical documents concerning the end of our ecclesiastical year and the end of life: I mean the feast of All Saints with its commemoration of All Souls, together with the festival cycle of the Advent of our Lord, commonly called Christmas and Epiphany, and the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and let us see what has happened to this sacrament during these last centuries.

The liturgical movement has stirred us into new attitudes in many phases of our private and corporate worship of God. This article is another appeal to clergy and faithful to put aside an attitude and custom of thinking and acting for the sake of truth and fact.

Extreme Unction

To put it boldly, the sacrament of Extreme Unction has become the stepchild of our modern religious mind. It walks about in rags and has been pushed out of its hereditary place in a full and real Christian life. Its six more fortunate brethren in the sacramental system cry for its restoration to its full, hereditary and constitutional rights, which it has lost in our popular version of pastoral theology and practice. Theoretically it still occupies its full place in some textbooks for higher studies, and in many a seminary one or another of the professors still talks about the traditional teaching of the Liturgy, the Fathers, and the great theologians: Thomas, Bonaventure, Albert and Suarez. In fact, the sacrament is still there and certainly fulfils its purpose in the great economy of Christ's mysteries, through which He lives on to redeem the world and, more than that, to consecrate it also.

No honest observer can deny that in our popular clerical and lay estimation, Extreme Unction has become a sort of safety valve: if all the other devices fail, if someone lies prostrate from an accident or a sudden stroke, then we still have the hope that this Holy Oil may do him some good. What that good is you can learn from your catechism, and I am not going to repeat it here. You know it anyhow, and I write this article for All Saints Day, to add a few things people generally do not know. We usually skip over this sacrament in an embarrassed fashion, because the odor of death and farewell accompanies it, and its chant and solemnity are the tears of the bystanders and the death rattle of the departing Christian.

We have to undergo a very drastic change from our present negative attitude to an entirely positive one in order to get a new understanding of this sacrament: Extreme Unction is not so much what I have called a safety device when other means fail, as it is a positive consecration of the dying Christian. It shares with Confirmation the unique position of being entirely of the New Covenant, so to speak something purely Christian with no Old Testament ancestry in thought or symbolism.

What is its consecratory, positive meaning?

We will illustrate it through two other sacraments, to which it is related. When we were baptized we were raised out of the purely natural sphere of life into community with God. We began to share divine life. We became members

of the new creation in Christ, the second Adam, the *initium aliquod creaturae*.

The last anointing completes this process, throwing open the gate of heaven and preparing us for beatific vision. The last step is taken. With a last symbolic rite, a climax to all its antecedents, the world of signs and symbols ceases and the reality of God, as He is, is our new sphere of life, of true and real life.

Through Confirmation, the sacrament of responsibility and maturity, we became Christians with an office in the Body of Christ, a sacerdotal function. We were made warriors for the Kingdom. Now in this last consummating anointing we are made sharers of the crown itself, we are made kings entering their kingdoms. "Through this sacrament we are made into one form with the risen Christ, as it is given to the faithful under the sign of unction with future glory," says Saint Albert the Great. It was his greater disciple, Saint Thomas Aquinas, who first coined the beautiful term for this sacrament: *unctio ad gloriam*, unction for glory, beatific vision.

Its double character of healing and consecrating is marvelously brought out in the words of the Bishop when he consecrates the holy oil on Maundy Thursday. "May all who have been anointed with this heavenly medicine have it as a protection of mind and body. May all pains, all weaknesses, all sickness of mind and body be turned out through it, with which Thou hast anointed priests, kings, prophets and martyrs."

The contents of this sacrament are all heavenly, it points to glory and resurrection. It prepares us to appear among the saints and before the face of God Himself.

What we neglect

This is all indicated by the element God chose for its outward sign: the Holy Oil, the symbol of the Holy Spirit. We modern Catholics have so little regard for the truly symbolic character of our sacraments. We always talk and write and think about their causative side, leaving out fully one-half of the rich and living world of the sacraments. For example, who among our modern writers pays any attention to the elements and signification of bread and wine in the Holy Eucharist, except a few men like Father Kramp, S.J., Abbot Vonier, O.S.B. and Father Thorold?

Yet oil signifies light, healing, delectation, purification, smoothening, cleansing, joy. We have only a synthetic and artificial attitude toward simple and first meanings, and elementary things like oil, water, wine and bread. Let us make an effort to visualize the functions of the fruit of the silver-green olive tree, just as we can visualize why Christ chose the fruit of the vine to symbolize His sacred, vivifying Blood. Gentle and soothing oil cools, burns, signifies remission of sins and

restoration of health and integrity. It consecrates the senses which have so often failed and misled us. It restores the integrity of our baptismal innocence.

But it is more than that. Our baptismal innocence was in a person still undeveloped, not proved in faith, loyalty and courage. Now our whole life is healed and consecrated and assimilated to the triumphal death of our Savior. Thus, death and its preceding sickness lose their purely negative character and become an integral part of our life in Christ as His member.

Baptism and Unction are related as beginning and end, imitation and perfection. The helplessness of our infancy is repeated in the helplessness of our last hour. Again we are thrown entirely on God's fatherhood and mercy. We had no merits when we were baptized; now when it is time to die we have sins of our own and very little to rely upon. Grace freely given, God's gift, participation in His divine nature, Saint Peter's *consortium divinae naturae*, comes to us again as it did the first time: unmerited, an abundance of Christ. "This sacrament, unless it finds an impediment, takes away all evil that might hinder or delay our entry into glory. In the hour of death man is most in need of this preparation. This sacrament has been instituted for the very hour of death. Thus it is quite obvious that this sacrament has been instituted for this very end: *to prepare men for glory*. . . . Nothing else has been instituted to achieve this end." These are the words of Suarez, the great theologian of the seventeenth century, one of the few who held to sound and primitive tradition.

When the bishop consecrates this holy oil, he refers to priests, kings, martyrs and prophets. He also shows its positive fulness in his invocation: *Sit chrisma tuum perfectum*, may it be thy perfect unction. No wonder that the Council of Trent, with Saint Thomas, calls it the sacrament of perfection or consummation. It carries the splendor of the parousia, Christ's final triumph, into the moment of departure from this life of struggle, doubt, and weakness. It has thus rightfully claimed to be the perfection of the whole Christian life, the "consummation of the whole Christian salvation." If there is any beauty and glory in an infant's unspoiled innocence, there is certainly glory in the valor and perseverance of a faithful warrior, consecrated in Christ.

What a contrast with the present meager information of the average layman or priest regarding this sacrament! What a spiritual reality! If all we had to get from this mystery were greater strength in the hour of death and, perhaps, bodily health, every priest, doctor and nurse could tell us that such effects are seldom seen. Quite apart from those countless cases when it is administered to unconscious people, to

the hopelessly moribund, in ninety out of a hundred instances we hardly notice a difference of attitude before and after we have given the sacrament, except in those who gain a quite natural reassurance, knowing that all has been done and settled that the Church can do. Compared with the tremendous effects, the lasting values of all the other sacraments, this one always seemed to be rather empty, but when the full, un mutilated import of the ancient doctrinal tradition is restored: what a sacrament! What a comfort to know that this pitiable human form in its final agony is in transition to triumph and kingship with Christ, psychological relief or not, "good" behaviour or just human misery, courage or fear.

How could it have happened that our people lost sight of all these great truths? How could this cosmos of sacramental values, so well integrated in the system of sacraments and doctrine, ever disappear from our common consciousness.

Father Joseph Kern, S.J., who wrote an exhaustive study on it in 1907, gives four reasons: the moralistic rigorism which invaded Christianity after the height of the middle ages, and which found its expression in Jansenism, is one of them. This cold wave had the same effect on the Holy Eucharist and Penance, and it needed a great Pope like Pius X to reopen our eyes to the original, more generous tradition.

Another reason for this sacramental minimalism was ignorance of the great theological tradition, coupled with an exaggerated apologetic zeal to defend the doctrine of purgatory against the heretics of the sixteenth century. The traditional view seemed to depopulate purgatory. However, Father Kern rightfully asks: is there any dogma that without *purgatory for all* there is no salvation? Should we assume that indulgences and blessings instituted by the Church, are more powerful than a sacrament instituted by Our Lord and promulgated by His Apostle James? Baptism and Penance deliver us from damnation. Is there no sacrament which by its very essence frees us from the ordeal of purgative suffering after death? The sacramental system of our holy Church certainly looks more complete and more adequate, and Christ's honor and glory as Savior is more perfectly expressed, if we follow the older and more generous tradition.

The fourth reason seems to be a tendency in modern man of the late- and post-medieval frame of mind, to indulge in the more gloomy and terrifying aspects of religion. It is the period when popular piety turns to "bloody" devotions and psychological sympathizing. On baroque altars in Central Europe appear fake and genuine skeletons in glass sarcophagi, with skulls and bones wrapped in silk and precious stones. People begin to relish bleak and black pomp at funerals, and the operatic dramatism of funeral music enhances

this strange tendency, until nowadays we have arrived at the solemn gloom of funeral parlors, wakes, austere-faced undertakers, and cello solos over theatrically disappearing coffins in sombre crematories. All these things go well with other thrills and consolations, and prove that Karl Marx had a few reasons when he called such religion an opiate.

In the face of death with its stark reality, empty phrases, emotional effusiveness, esthetic insincerity, are of no avail. Things have to be right and true and real, or all has been in vain. All the prayers, rites and mysteries which the Church has woven around death: viaticum, last anointing, the last blessing, the strong and beautiful prayers during the agony, immediately after death the funeral prayers and the Requiem, breathe triumphant assuredness and dispel the secular gloom, and they dwarf the sinister pomp of our present day Catholic funerals. We cannot leave Christian death in its present setting of certain gloom, fear and pity. We have to lift it to the level on which it belongs, the participation in Christ's triumph through the sacrament of Unction, the *signatio* of the poor sinner in the Holy Spirit, to be king, prophet and martyr in Christ, and to enter into His glory, because in His last mercy He healed us and restored us and raised us to His throne.

My readers will now see the Feast of All Saints as more deeply connected and related to All Souls. There is no shrill, abrupt hiatus, no melodramatic contrast of a baroque kind between these two days. They are one great feast of perfection and consummation, and through their quiet, beatific joy sound the first notes of the final season of our spiritual year, the vision of Christ on earth in His first *adventus* and His last *theophania*. The end of our life as the end of this year resounds in one hymn with the victory, perfection and glory of the New Life of Christ, the *Victor-Rex*, the King of Eternal Glory.

Fragments

(For E. J. M.)

Go gather up the disregarded things:

Pluck beauty from a weed:

A leaf, a rain-washed stone, a raven's wings

At dawn shall fill your need.

The broken fragments cast upon the ground

After the miracle

Heaped the twelve baskets! Fragments! There was found

A miracle as well!

Treasure the fragments; even the sunset star

The rich count little worth.

The grateful enter heaven, the humble are

Inheritors of the earth.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FATHER COHALAN'S most recent contribution to the "Volunteer Pilots" controversy inferentially accuses those who differ from his opinions (as expressed in their own published opinions in *THE COMMONWEAL*) of having ignored the issue presented by him in his first article. He states the issue as follows: "The issue . . . is not whether Hitler can or should be beaten, but whether American Catholics as Catholics have a moral obligation to support the Allied cause and to urge American entry into a shooting war now." Perhaps the reason why this "issue" has not, so far as I know, been discussed in the terms proposed by Father Cohalan is merely because no American Catholic, or group of Catholics, so far as I know, has ever put forward such a thesis. I don't for the life of me see how any individual or group could be so presumptuous as to offer such a view—or the reverse of that view—in any such way as to merit the exceedingly grave charge made by Father Cohalan, namely, that those American Catholics who do believe, and publicly have expressed their belief, that American Catholic citizens have a moral obligation to support the Allied cause and should urge American entry into active war now are seeking to usurp the place of legitimate authority in the Church. They simply express their views as their personal opinion, or a group opinion, to the extent that they sign group statements of opinion.

How the utterance of that view in any way conflicts with or even detracts from their duty to be obedient to the legitimate authority of the Church in matters of faith and morals, I cannot see. Father Cohalan's first letter posed, therefore, an issue which does not exist, and his latest letter goes on down the same blind alley. How can any American Catholic (or French or Irish or German or Polish or Japanese, or any other Catholic among all the many nations and races of the earth) think or act as Father Cohalan would have him think and act, namely, purely "as a Catholic"? In America, Catholics, like their fellows elsewhere, are also citizens with certain rights and duties, members of various political parties, and of many diverse racial groups, all varying very much in their own state of knowledge, of education and of sensitiveness as to moral and economic and political and patriotic duties and obligations. What such American Catholics feel and think, and say and do, in regard to the problems affecting their conduct as citizens in relation to the war problem, is, so it seems to me, a matter that cannot be reduced to the method advised by Father Cohalan, who bids them act simply as followers of "their real guides," the legitimate spiritual authority in the Church. That authority has not spoken in this particular matter. The Archbishop of Dubuque has strongly admonished us to think and act along the lines of Senator Wheeler and the ultra-isolationists. The Bishop of St. Augustine has advised us to support the policies of the President. There were at least four or five Bishops who publicly supported

the lend-lease act. There were others who opposed that act. In short, the hierarchy, the supreme spiritual authority for American Catholics under the Holy See, has not, and in all human probability will not, collectively instruct American Catholics either to support or to oppose the policies of the Administration. Hence American Catholics surely have full liberty of action in following or not following the advice of individual members of the teaching authority. Surely, then, individual Catholics, whether clergymen or of the laity, cannot justly be accused of trying to usurp authority by saying what their opinions are as to the moral or political duties of American Catholics in the present controversy.

Perhaps Father Cohalan and the members of the Catholic Laymen's Committee for Peace and Catholics belonging to interventionist groups might well unite, in a spirit of charity and of justice and of common loyalty to both Church and nation, in a plea to our hierarchy to state once more, in terms applicable to our present situation, in connection with their annual meeting this autumn, the chief principles of Catholic teaching relative to the rights and duties of Catholics as citizens as a guide to their attitude and behavior as citizens in the great emergency now facing us all. I do not think that there are many, if any, passengers in Peter's bark desirous of usurping authority as pilots; but there are many bewildered passengers anxious for objective instruction from the real pilots.

Communications

FOOD FOR EUROPE

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

TO the Editors: In a letter to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, released September 25, Secretary Hull, acting perhaps under the constraint of his position, washed his hands of the thinning blood of Europe's starvelings. Hitler is legally responsible. Let him look to it. The same official document carries a plain avowal that England's food blockade has not produced its proper effect upon England's legitimate enemy. In so far as it works an eventual advantage to England, it is through the denial of the necessities of life to innocent and helpless human beings in their extreme distress. To this mode of warfare, our government makes no demur.

The capital guilt is Hitler's moral as well as legal; but there are lesser grades of wrong that still are dolorous. The priest and the levite had not stripped and wounded the man who went down to Jericho. They only passed the victim by.

Is it compatible with the indispensable rudiments of human charity that wars, however just, should be fought with the weapon of the indiscriminate food blockade? Father Davis, in his well-known English manual of moral theology, expressly equates the blockading of non-combatants with the bombing of non-combatants. We have our human Catholic conscience to keep against the toils of temporal expediency however specious. High

strategy and reasons of state are the devil's own specialty for bringing to naught the law of Christ.

REV. EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S.J.

THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I note that you published on October 3, in your very interesting magazine, an article by Mr. Herbert Morris on the "French Catholic Conscience."

Mr. Morris states that "on the second of June, speaking before an audience, in the greater part Catholic, at the École des Chefs at Uriage, Admiral Darlan expressed anxiety over the attitude of the faithful: he said he could understand Hitler's point of view on the clergy, took objection to any religious participation in politics, particularly in connection with the problem of Franco-German relations." In the article, Mr. Morris mentions several times the speech of Uriage as representing the opinion of the French Government regarding the Catholic religion.

I want to point out that the so-called Speech of Uriage was never pronounced by Admiral Darlan. The story originated in Canada through Mr. Henri Torrès, who has been unable to prove his assertion. Several Canadian papers published, on September 22, a formal denial by the French Minister in Ottawa in the name of Admiral Darlan.

I should be very thankful to you if you would kindly direct the attention of Mr. Herbert Morris and of your readers to the inaccuracy of the statement mentioned above.

G. HENRY-HAYE,

L'Ambassadeur de France.

WHAT IS HISPANIDAD?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: In his article in THE COMMONWEAL of October 10, Mr. Junco resorts to the tactics he employed in his article of June 6. He drags in irrelevant matter and hardly touches the subject under discussion, which is whether Hispanism has or has not a political aspect. I have maintained, and still maintain, that it has, but I have not asked anyone to take my bare word for that. In THE COMMONWEAL of June 27 I gave facts, with names and dates, to support my statement. He replies with unsupported denial. Then he tells us what Hispanists say of themselves, but people are to be judged not by what they say but by what they do. To acquit them solely on their own profession of innocence is like believing that Soviet Russia assures freedom of religion because the Russian constitution says so. Such reasoning is childish.

If he writes again on this topic let him stick to the subject. We are not talking about the Mexican War or the quality of Yankee movies, any more than we are talking about sheep-raising in Patagonia. In the meantime, there is something that he can do. He is now on his way to Spain. When he gets there he can try to persuade the *Consejo de Hispanismo* to proclaim officially and

publicly that it is against the nazis and is not against the United States. If he succeeds in obtaining such a proclamation he can, when he gets back to Mexico, try to make it a reality and not, like the Soviet "guarantee" of religious liberty, a pretense.

EDWIN RYAN.

AN EXPLANATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The following allegation appears in a publication entitled *The Hour*, published at 100 East 42 Street, New York City, N. Y. The specific issue is that of September 27, 1941. The editorial board of *The Hour* is composed of Albert E. Kahn, Professor F. L. Schuman, Leland Stowe, Hendrik van Loon, Wythe Williams.

TABLET AND PELLEY

The Brooklyn *Tablet*, which acts as the voice of Father Coughlin in the east carries a regular column "Literary Cavalcade" authored by William J. Grace and John J. O'Connor.

The September issue of *Roll-Call*, pro-nazi magazine published by the notorious Fifth Columnist William Dudley Pelley, features an article by William J. Grace.

The Hour would like to ask the editors of *The Tablet*: is it customary for the *Tablet* columnists to write for the publication of self-avowed nazi agents?

In view of the fact that we have friends on your staff and in view of the fact that we either contribute or have submitted contributions to your publication, we want to call your attention to the falsehood contained in the above.

We never heard of the *Roll-Call*, and never submitted anything to it. The William J. Grace in question is some other writer. We have never made any statements about nazism in our column except insofar as to attack its principles. The views of Mr. Grace on nazism were clearly set forth in the poem "Daemon of the North" featured and published in *THE COMMONWEAL* for June 7, 1940.

Our column appears as a syndicated feature not only in *The Tablet*, but in the following papers: *The Monitor*, San Francisco; *Catholic Northwest Progress*, Seattle; *Catholic Light*, Scranton; *Catholic Review*, Baltimore; *Catholic Herald*, St. Louis; *The Church World*, Portland, Maine; *The Catholic News*, Trinidad, B. W. I.

The Hour has since retracted its original statement, and has sent a letter of apology to the authors. The matter is now closed.

WILLIAM J. GRACE,
JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

CORRECTION: In the book review section of the October 17 *COMMONWEAL*, a review of "Thomistic Psychology," by Robert Edward Brennan, O.P., refers to the book as a "thoroughgoing revision of Father Brennan's popular 'General Psychology.'" "Thomistic Psychology," however, while there is naturally the correspondence due to the same subject-matter, is a completely new work by the author, meant for the general reader as well as the college and university student. It is a new work, and indeed, as Mortimer J. Adler indicates in his introduction, a pioneering work in the study of human nature.

The Stage & Screen

Candle in the Wind

"CANDLE IN THE WIND," while no "High Tor" or "Masque of Kings," is the most effective play Maxwell Anderson has given us in several years. It is in its essentials a melodrama, but its writing and some of its characterizations raise it at times to the level of drama of the spirit. It tells a simple story. Madeline Guest, an American actress, is in Paris before and following the nazi capture of the city. She meets and falls in love with a French naval officer, whose boat later is sunk during the retreat from Dunkirk. The officer, Raoul St. Cloud, arrives in Paris, meets Madeline again, is put in a concentration camp. Madeline gets to see him, finds him being tortured, makes several attempts to bribe his captors and is each time double-crossed, but finally through the agency of a young German lieutenant, succeeds in her attempt. Raoul escapes to England, but the curtain falls with Madeline forced to stay in Paris, at least for a time, because the arch-villain, a nazi colonel, though not daring to arrest her because of international complications, takes away her passport. This story and its attendant situations are of course as old as the theater itself, even though Mr. Anderson has not wrung out of them the oldest situation of all, that of the villain in love with the heroine and willing to make a bargain with her for the hero's life. Mr. Anderson's villain, Colonel Erfurt, has no such lusts of the flesh. He is a sincere nazi, and in him the dramatist has summed up the nazi philosophy in all its force and cruelty. It is his characterization, with that of his young assistant's who has been set to spy on him, and who in his soul loathes the nazi mind, which makes "Candle in the Wind" more than a mere melodrama made dynamic by its contemporary implications.

Miss Helen Hayes plays Madeline and gives another of her sincere, well articulated, and technically finished performances. Perhaps she lacks some of the tragic fire implicit in the part, but she makes up for it by her pathos and earnestness. John Wengraf as Colonel Erfurt gives, however, the most telling performance of the play, due partly no doubt to the richness of the rôle itself, but also because of his force, magnetism and personal charm. Almost equally good is the performance of Tonio Selwart as Lieutenant Schoen. Mr. Selwart plays with great intelligence and variety of mood, bringing out admirably the tortured soul beneath the nazi uniform. Excellent performances too are those of Evelyn Varden as Madeline's friend, Louis Borel as her French lover and Lotte Lenya as Cissie. Moreover the bits are all telling, and Alfred Lunt has thrown his best efforts into the direction, which is dynamic and life-like.

It is to be hoped that in the future performances there will be some pruning. There are dead passages, for instance—that in which Madeline tells of the manner in which French prisoners escape and are hidden by their compatriots. These passages hold back the story and do

nothing for the basic idea. But taken all in all the play is by far the most interesting one performed so far this season. It tells a story which must echo in our hearts, and it tells it with feeling and with meaning. (*At the Sam S. Shubert Theatre.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Two Things of Beauty—Two Joys Forever

THERE is a rare treat in store for those who see "*How Green Was My Valley*." Seldom has so much beauty been concentrated in one film. It is a film that brings to your eyes unashamed tears of pleasure; a film that is joyous because it is sad. So well has Philip Dunne's screenplay caught the spirit of Richard Llewellyn's novel and so well has John Ford directed the whole that you identify yourself with the teller who is reliving his past at the moment he is departing from his home and leaving behind his memories. "I am the child who was," says this man whom you never see; and you become the starry eyed youngster happy again in the green valley of his childhood, at the end of the last century long before the slag from the mine covered the hillside to ruin its beauty with crass industrialism. You feel that you have always known the Morgan family with their comfortable, solid stone house, their pride in and love for each other, their hard-working men folk laboring in the mines and their patient, watching, hard-working women. There are intimate home scenes all seen through the eyes of young Huw; the awesome wedding of one of his brothers; his father's irritability at the formation of a union, and father's swinging around when the minister approves and helps unionization. You see the accident on the ice that threatens to cripple Huw; but the boy is taught to walk again through faith and with the minister's guiding hand. You see the suffering during the long strike, Huw's hardships at school, the wonderful pleasure when the Welsh Singers are commanded to sing for Her Majesty. You see the family's unhappiness when conditions at the mine force the older boys to seek work abroad, and more unhappiness caused by mean wagging tongues that link the minister and Huw's married sister. You see tragedy when the mine takes its toll. You see life with its sorrows and joys in a small Welsh village.

For this splendid production, Darryl F. Zanuck actually built a village in Hollywood; and the beautiful resulting photography proves worth the great expense. But it is Director Ford's work with his superior cast that will stay longest in your memory. Not since "*David Copperfield*" (which this film somewhat resembles with its wandering, episodic technique of piling incident upon incident until the whole stands as one long remembrance) has a youngster given such a fine performance. Plain, unhandsome, young Roddy McDowall actually brings to life the scenes of Llewellyn's story. He is surrounded by grown-ups whose acting Ford has guided with greatest of skill. No false maudlinism, no exaggerated histrionics mar these performances: Donald Crisp, the father, the stern "head" of the house, and Sara Allgood, the mother, the strong "heart" of the house; Walter Pidgeon, the sincere, straightforward minister; Maureen O'Hara, the lovely sister who marries so unhappily after her thwarted love;

Anna Lee, the pretty wife of one of the brothers; and the brothers and the large supporting cast including the singers. Unfortunately the picture, which is unusually long, occasionally shows the mark of the cutter, particularly in sequences in which the motivation is weak. You may regret the absence of humor that would allow relaxation between the warm, emotionally moving scenes; but this is a serious tale of life among the Welsh who sing but are not easily given to laughter. This is the tale of a man looking back on his boyhood with sentiment. Death and sadness and love would stay with him longer than a joke—for "in my green valley of memory, men like my father do not die."

But if it's laughter for laughter's sake you want, unrestrained enjoyment of fun, with a few touches of pathos, then "*Dumbo*" is your picture. For in his new feature film, Walt Disney, unhampered by the restrictions of such traditionally familiar figures as Pinocchio and Snow White, let his imagination soar to tell us the story of a baby elephant that is sheer delight. The circus background gives Walt an opportunity to splash in vivid colors and splurge in lively music which reach a high in circus gaiety. Of course there is the usual Disney applied psychology that makes all his characters so dear to us. This time it is the womanly elephants who put their heads together to gossip and gloat over one of their unhappy sisters; and that wonderful song-and-dance of the crows who are given the characteristics of conventional black faced comedians; and that utterly charming train, Casey Jones Jr., who pulls the circus from place to place with I-don't-think-I-can-make-it in between chugs. This is the story of Dumbo, the poor baby elephant with blue eyes and enormous ears, for whom everything seems to go wrong. He almost doesn't get born when his delivery stork gets lost; his mamma is taken away from him; he practically wrecks the whole show when he tries to be the big climax on a pyramid of pachyderms. But Timothy Q. Mouse helps him—and Timothy almost steals the picture. Just as Dopey walked away with "*Snow White*" and Jiminy Cricket with "*Pinocchio*," so will this brave mouse captivate his audiences. Timothy could be Mickey's brother, except that he has a Brooklyn accent and a circus-trained worldly wisdom. He certainly is good to Dumbo and sees to it that our awkward little hero gets places.

Mr. Disney (and his staff who always deserve a large share of credit) gives us many scenes of beauty in "*Dumbo*": the flight of the storks bringing the baby animals, the setting up of the big top to the rousing "Song of the Roustabouts," the tender good night of the animal mothers. But the most extravagant stroke of genius is the parade of the pink elephants and the dream sequence that follows Dumbo's imbibing: the fantastic array of colors, music, dream interpretation and finale in which the elephants melt into clouds combine the best of the "*Fantasia*" experiments with the advances Disney has made in the past year. Walt Disney has wisely made his new picture only 64 minutes long. This is a full cup of beauty and surprises, but he leaves you desiring more of dear, dumb, delightful, delicious Dumbo.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of Week

Anti-Spengler

The Crisis of Our Age. P. A. Sorokin. Dutton. \$3.50.

THE CRISIS of our time, as Dr. Sorokin puts it, "Signifies one of the greatest possible revolutions in our culture and social life. . . . Such shifts are very rare phenomena. . . . during the thirty centuries of Greco-Roman and Western history they occurred only four times. But when they do take place they produce a fundamental and epoch-making revolution in human culture and society. We have the rare privilege of living, observing, thinking and acting in the conflagration of such an ordeal."

In this volume Sorokin has gathered up the conclusions of his thirty years' study of historical "dynamics." These have long been familiar to students of his massive four-volume work, "Social and Cultural Dynamics," but here they are presented in more or less complete outline for the lay reader, and they constitute a very important contribution in answer to the great question as to the meaning of what is happening around us. Like Spengler, Berdyaev, Dawson and Maritain, not to mention many others who have tackled the problem in the last quarter-century, Sorokin offers us a theory of the historical process as it affects the cultures of mankind, and a criticism of the present state of our main cultural phases in the light of that theory. What he has to say deserves the attention of all who are trying to understand the present world.

In summary, his theory is this: a culture is a more or less integrated thing with a general scheme of values permeating the whole, to which all its parts and phases are related, and by which all are colored. When this scheme of values changes at the root the change will be reflected through all these parts and phases. Man is a curious and unique hybrid of spirit and matter, of intellect and sense. At certain stages of history cultures have emphasized the spiritual values—God, religion, the transcendental, the unseen. At others they have concentrated upon the world of sense, passing from one extreme to the other through an intermediate stage where sense and spirit come into temporary balance. At all times the tendency to oscillate is present, as what Sorokin calls the "creative" powers of each stage exhaust themselves and those of the opposite "pole" appear. The God-stage of culture he calls *ideational*, the intermediate stage *idealistic* and the material stage *sensate*. When a culture has swung to either pole and there having exhausted itself begins to swing back there develops a profound disturbance in the social structure, and this continues until the culture has stabilized itself somewhere between the two poles.

The crisis in which we live today marks the end of the *sensate* stage of the Western civilization which has been developing during the last four hundred years. That civilization will, Sorokin believes, reintegrate itself *ideationally* or *idealistically* and, emerging from the painful experience of the transition, renew its life. If it cannot do this, it will sink into a sterile vegetative existence as has happened in the past to other cultures more than once, and cease to be of significance.

Sorokin will have none of Spenglerism. He dismisses that "morphological" theory of history as being based upon a totally false biological analogy. There is no law requiring cultures to pass from birth through childhood, adolescence and maturity to death. His thought is along

lines very close to those of Dawson, Maritain, Berdyaev and others of the strictly Christian School. His philosophy of history seems elementarily simple at bottom for it rests—apparently—upon one tremendous concept, that of man's nature as affected by the Fall, the Incarnation and the Redemption. Given that, the rest of the story becomes crystal clear, even if it begins and ends, as it must, in mystery. Yet there remains in this reviewer's mind after a careful reading of this book a certain perplexity as to one thing.

At the outset of his book Sorokin says of the three cultural forms: "No finite form, either ideational or sensate, is eternal. Sooner or later it is bound to exhaust its creative abilities. When this moment comes it begins to disintegrate and decline." Of all the *ideational* forms of culture in history he definitely rates Christianity the highest, but somehow he leaves one under the impression that it is no more than *primus inter pares*. Whereas, if the Second Person of the Holy Trinity became man upon this earth, and founded His religion and His Church, how can we suppose that the course of human history has remained unchanged by that event? If that event is anything at all must it not be the focal point of all history? If Christianity is but one religion among many, all equally imperfect and impermanent, how explain the enigmatic creature *man*, and what becomes of Sorokin's theory if it does not base upon original sin? In short, everything turns upon the answer to the ultimate question of all questions: "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?" No student of history can evade that question. This reviewer has not found in this book a really plain answer.

Another point: Sorokin nowhere *plainly* recognizes *metaphysics* as a *science*, that is as productive of real knowledge. He seems to relegate all "supersensory" knowledge to the domain of "revelation" leaving to the intellect no degree of *abstraction* higher than that of mathematics. Perhaps this is but a slip of the pen, but in the chapter on truth, science, philosophy, religion, etc., one might have expected much more recognition of the philosophy of *being* and its product, natural theology.

With these reservations this book can be cordially recommended to the intelligent reader. This reviewer has found the chapter on the arts particularly satisfying.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

BIOGRAPHY

Master of the Mississippi. Florence L. Dorsey. Houghton. \$3.75.

ANYONE who is at least semi-civilized, i.e., anyone who appreciates the importance of history, will like this book. It contains much revealing information about the development of steamboat traffic on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. It also deals more clearly and exhaustively with the removal of the hindrances to navigation in various rivers than does any other book. This reviewer, at least, had not realized the indebtedness of the Middle West to Henry Shreve, the subject of the book, for his work not only in promoting the continual improvement of steamboat construction, but also for developing special boats and machinery for pulling the trees, stumps and other obstructions out of the rivers in the Middle West. Particularly graphic and informational is the account of the removal of the so-called "raft" from the Red River. This "raft" was a solid obstruction, made up of trees and timbers, extending practically from bank to bank of the Red River. The "raft" was forty to fifty feet in depth in

many places and extended for a distance of approximately two hundred miles. Needless to say, it prevented river transportation on that stream, and was responsible for the constant increase of swamp land on each side of the river, caused by frequent overflowing of the channel proper.

The book presents a picture of the Middle West, as it was developing from about 1815 to 1860, stressing the part played by the steamboats. To those of us who have never known anything but the railroad age, this account of a picturesque era that is dead is apt to make us realize that no form of transportation has a monopoly upon the future. The format is unusually attractive and in harmony with the contents. Thorough documentation and a complete index attest to the soundness of the research which produced the book.

PAUL KINIERY.

A Venture In Remembrance. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

IN THIS small and charming book the present dean of Boston letters applies to himself the biographical skills which he has applied to so many eminent Bostonians. It is the most readable of Mark Howe's many books, and by no means the least important, for all his apologetic air about it, for here he writes of the world he knows so well as he himself sees it, and not through the eyes of some eminent, if pompous, Bostonian. No lese-majesty is intended to one who has become so thoroughly identified with Boston as to be widely described as the original of George Apley's fictitious biographer, for one of Mr. Howe's pleasant little bomb-shells in this surprising book is the story of how he, a Philadelphian and Rhode Islander, came to Boston from Lehigh and for many years suffered the fate of the outlander among the consciously elect. He preserves the outlander's perspective, despite his Harvard overseership, his Athenaeum directorship, his Boston Symphony trusteeship, and multitudinous other signs of his present status as an eminent Bostonian in his own right. For many reasons, Boston and its world is best seen through the eyes of one who knows and loves it, but is not wholly of it. And a flash on insight here, an anecdote there, make this little book richly rewarding to all concerned with Boston and its literary tradition.

Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out that in Mr. Howe's writings "the Pharaohs came to life again." So do they here once more, and few of them can have been more charming acquaintances than Mark Howe himself.

MASON WADE.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Whose Revolution? Edited by Irving DeWitt Talmadge. Jones and Jones. \$2.50.

THIS BOOK is formed of ten essays contributed by Hans Kohn, Alfred Bingham, Eugene Lyons, Granville Hicks, Malcolm Cowley, Roger Baldwin, James Burnham, Bertram D. Wolfe, Lewis Corey and John Chamberlain. They are loosely articulated, but the organizing idea seems to be that democratic society, featured by rationalism, individualism and optimism, was purchased in the past by desperate struggle and is now subject to a death threat. Democratic society is grounded on the principle of equality. It exalts reason and by reason, through equality, it hopes for diffusion among all mankind of the materials of an abundant life. This society by its nature is fundamentally for peace and against war.

Democratic society, it is said, failed because it could

not make good in the economic field. Having failed there it failed everywhere. The pressures of nature on the unemployed, expropriated and the exploited, brought them to regard government by consent as a ghastly joke. They found it hard to consent to extermination. Accordingly they moved for collectivism of some kind. Additionally the secularization of democratic life set up a deep and widespread hatred of liberalism. Red and brown absolutes containing promise of a new enthusiasm as well as a new deal in security collected masses of worshippers. Liberalism and democracy being, as it was thought, both sterile and arid, minds like those of the contributors to this book tended to pass over to belief in some form of collectivism. Some of them like Mr. Hicks became avowed communists.

Where do they stand today? They seem to have rejected the Communist Party. They indicate a desire to get back to the good old days of liberal individualism. At the same time they think this old individualism cannot be recaptured. We are bound together more and more firmly and the real problem, they say, is to save what can be saved from the burning building of liberalism.

Mr. Bingham suggests that in our society liberal institutions have been unbalanced by the rise of the new bureaucracy and the phenomena associated with modern industrialism. He considers that our traditional political principle of separation of governmental powers may be retained so long as we continue to have an independent judiciary. He fears, however, that the new bureaucracy is an agency capable of destroying liberalism, but he hopes that by training in proper attitude it may be brought to be satisfied to govern us on a consent basis. Experts, however, are proverbially impatient of fools (the expert) and it may be that the new administrative bodies will prove the Trojan Horse of liberal democracy.

Mr. Hicks and Mr. Cowley write like bankrupt liberals. Mr. Hicks tells us of his four years as a fellow traveler, four years as a Communist Party member and two years as an ex-member. He states that the party is not above lying and amoralism, but he seems to think that this is a small matter for the reason that the party members, in his judgment, are not hypocrites. Mr. Hicks also says that although he has no certitudes at present, he still believes in action. Too many liberals have minds that can only mirror ideological fads. When there is none in circulation, they immediately find that they lack certitudes.

Mr. Cowley wants a new religion. A religion of humanity, he thinks, might do. It is plain that he never read the sermons of Frederic Harrison. Had he done so, he could scarcely have put forward such a fantastic idea unless he is wholly destitute of humor.

The surgical mind of James Burnham comes forward in this book with a footnote to his recent best seller on the "Managerial Revolution." Assuming that future democracy is to become a managed society, he concerns himself with the question whether the spirit of the outmoded liberal democracy can be retained. Essentially, he says, democracy is a system in which groups of men have the right to oppose other groups which hold power for the moment. The ruled can thus effectively complain and "throw the rascals out of office." Democracy as a system therefore, is always characterized by a "war without shooting." Keep it pluralistic in its groupings, and the circumstance that it is a *managed* society will not necessarily destroy the roots of its democratic character.

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If Mr. Burnham's premise be accepted, his conclusions are plausible. The criticism I should make of his premise is that it unduly discounts the profound vitality of our existing political system and attributes more weight than the facts justify to the new managers or bureaucrats. Mr. Burnham, I think, overlooks the extent to which the owners of political power are still the massed voters, precisely as the owners of our business are still the holders of bonds and stock certificates. Neither category of owners is likely to allow the managers to get out of hand. This means that Congress and private property for a long time to come are likely to dominate the kind of democracy we shall have.

With Mr. Chamberlain's essay this volume closes. He expresses a sound idea when he says that the future does not belong inevitably to anyone or to anything in particular. It rests now as it always has in the past in the hands of a minority of men whose collective will power is significant. If men of significant will, acting in a practical way, keep a tolerable society for us, we shall be willing to export to Europe all domestic forms of worldly perfectionism, since it seems that our foreign brothers furnish an inexhaustible market for creations of the political imagination.

Needless to say there is little to be found in this book on the subject of how to preserve where it exists, and how to get where it is missing, that almost forgotten condition known as peace.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Arms for Living. Gene Tunney. Wilfred Funk. \$2.00.

GENE TUNNEY may have learned writing the easy way, his first chapter reads as though he had, but he learned psychology the hard way, pushing his mitt into other people's faces. On fear, on discipline, on morale, on prayer and its precise place in life, his knowledge is uncanny. A most notable Christian character, this young Irish lad. He weaves his way among the fighters of the ring from John L. to Billy Conn with never an ungenerous word for one of them. His own story is already known in its main outlines, but the man's discussion of his fears, of the fear that makes killers, and of how fear is conquered, form a compelling picture of what is best in civilization: self-discipline.

The book is aimed, and accurately, at the draftee and his mother. One is not sure of the mother's interest in this gory yarn, but the lads will love it—and the timider the better.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

Marriage and the Family. By Jacques Leclercq. Translated by Thomas R. Hanley, O.S.B. Pustet. \$4.50.

HAPPILY marriage and the family are so securely anchored in the deepest aspirations of human nature and the basic exigencies of the social order that even the most imperious assaults of passion on these institutions prove futile. Conjugal and parental sentiments cannot be eradicated from human nature, and until they vanish, the survival of the traditional family is guaranteed. Should they ever cease, which, however, is impossible, not only the family but all civilization would be swept away. Local and temporary deterioration of family life, on the other hand, is not only possible but very often is a sad fact. Accordingly the biological foundation of this institution so indispensable to human happiness and dignity must be reinforced by morality and particularly by religion.

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therefore, is inadequate if high marriage ideals are to be maintained; such study must be supplemented and at times corrected by social philosophy which derives the standards to which social institutions must conform from rational principles. The very unpopularity of social philosophy in our days indicates how badly we need it for the right orientation of social life.

The volume under review provides the philosophical background against which the social problem of the family must be seen. Much learning and critical scholarship have gone into the making of the book, which will render excellent service to social students. The author makes a good point when he shows that Christian teaching purifies and brings to its highest perfection the marriage concept of the natural order. The translator has not only turned out a readable English text but also added references to American works and supplied valuable instructive footnotes of his own.

C. BRUEHL.

FICTION

Gentleman from England. Lawrence Edward Watkin. Knopf. \$2.50.

ADD this novel to the list of recent books indicating that the American Revolution was a civil war. The story begins in 1795, when the Father of His Country is receiving less of filial regard than is sometimes assumed. Peter McLean is the American born gentleman from England whose Tory father has been defrauded of his Philadelphia property by his Whig friend, Adam Middleton. Peter demands his patrimony, and failing to receive it, abducts Middleton's daughter, intending thereby to secure both justice and vengeance. The tale of his adventures on the road to Kentucky now becomes pure picaresque, with the stock characters—dashing, quarrelsome hero, enchanting heroine, irate father, decayed aristocrats, uncouth giant with heart of gold, bullies; stock scenes—impassable roads, swollen currents, inns foul and fair, flight and pursuit, tavern brawls, dueling, love-making, murder.

The book has the merits and defects of its eighteenth century prototypes. The characters are treated with humor and irony—but too much of tolerance. The author is not averse to quoting the more foulmouthed of them verbatim. Of none is the moral outlook particularly delicate, so that although certain characters are intended to be attractive to us, it is not easy to find them so. This is romance, with no probing of souls. The realism is all external and descriptive; the incidents of the road and the encounters with Pennsylvania Germans or Virginians of the town or "back country" give one the sense of reading contemporary documents. The dizzyingly swift action is narrated with verse; there is never a dull moment, although there are some unpleasant ones.

The author's first novel, *On Borrowed Time*, became a successful movie. This one seems to have even more of the requisite elements for that apotheosis.

LUCILE HARRINGTON.

WAR

I Paid Hitler. Fritz Thyssen. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.75.

AN APOLOGIA by a Rhineland Catholic industrialist for his conversion to the Nazi cause and his later conversion to the anti-Nazi movement. He tells of his life, his political convictions, his experiences at the hands

of the German Reds, the occupying French, his desire for peace and order, his early contacts with the Nazis, his talks with Goering and Hitler. He claims he was fooled by Hitler & Co. And that when he saw the light, he turned his influence against them. People that still think that Hitler can be trusted to keep the bargains he strikes ought to read this book. Catholics who still think Hitler is to be preferred to Stalin might read this book with profit. Thyssen was greatly responsible for putting Hitler in power. He gave him millions, and won the German industrialists over to Hitler. Result: the concentration camp for Thyssen and death for many of his associates and innocent members of his family, to say nothing of the expropriation of his vast holdings. His memoirs are tragic but he asked for it. It's hard to believe that an intelligent and cultured person and a hard-headed businessman like Thyssen became a Nazi out of the high motives he alleges, that he didn't realize till it was too late the character of Hitlerism; that gangsterism, nihilism, anti-Semitism, and anti-Catholicism were integral to Nazism. But that's his story. He pays a fine tribute to the German Jews, and refutes the charges levelled against them by Nazi propaganda. "The Jewish bankers saved German economy after the war," writes Thyssen.

JOSEPH CALDERON.

My New Order. Adolf Hitler. Edited with Commentary by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, with an Introduction by Raymond Gram Swing. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.89.

THE FOUNDATIONS of Hitler's New Order are reason and happiness. We have this on the authority of Dr. Robert ("Strength through Joy") Ley, leader of the German Labor Front. "He brought Germany to reason," Ley stated in *Der Angriff* for May 14, 1940, "and thereby made us happy. We are convinced he will bring Europe and the world to reason and thereby make Europe and the world happy. That is his irrevocable mission."

While we are waiting for this Aryan Father Divine to make us reasonable and happy, we can well spend some time in reading Father's New Testament, his supplement to *Mein Kampf*. I am afraid that most of us will not agree that our salvation is in Father's hands.

In this volume of over one thousand pages we have a representative sampling of the torrential speeches that first inundated the beer cellars of Munich and then swept across the world, a verbal tidal wave of fanaticism and destruction. As early as September 18, 1922, Hitler demanded in a speech "a holy hatred" against his enemies. On April 27, 1923, he declared that "We suffer today from an excess of culture. . . . What we need is instinct and will." The reader can decide from the speeches that follow these, from the chronology of events and the excellent commentary provided by the editor, how the Joyful Doctor manages to extract happiness from hatred and reason from unreason.

Perhaps his logic is the same as that by which murder has now been officially transformed for the Third Reich into a virtue. Not long ago I spoke with a woman whose child had been judged "unfit" by the authorities in Germany. He had just been put to death by having air forced into an artery. (Poison and gas were considered too expensive.) The family was sent his ashes. "The Gestapo do not call it murder," she said, still

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dazed from the shock. "They say it is a 'mercy killing.' I do not understand."

Too many still do not understand. We do not understand the thought processes of a Ley and of a Hitler. And, not understanding, we watch the Fuehrer laying Europe waste as we might watch a maniac behind bars smashing his furniture to pieces. Only—the bars aren't there. Our world is not securely separated from the world of the maniac. On December 10, 1940, Hitler said: "We are involved in a conflict in which more than the victory of only one country or the other is at stake; it is rather a war of two opposing worlds. . . . I grant that one of the two must succumb."

LIAM O'CONNOR.

A Declaration of Dependence. Fulton J. Sheen. Bruce. \$1.75.

THE WAR and the problems that produced it and arise from it are the theme of the eleven essays in Monsignor Sheen's latest book. The materialism and irrationality that paganize much that passes for idealism among us are particularly the objects of the author's critical attention, communism, nazism, progressivism deserve all he says about them; unfortunately the writer seldom says what is most dangerous about them. It is the half truth of heresy that makes it dangerous. It is the half truth in communism that holds the fanatic loyalty of its dupes and is the dynamo of their resolutions. The more subtle forms of this materialism and irrationality that often profitably corrode religious devotion might have been isolated and dissected with greater profit to us than the grosser *isms* here pilloried by principle and analogy.

Too many hate Marx not because he violates a system of philosophy but because he eliminates the profit system. Freud, Dewey and Russell are unimportant in the economy of common Catholic thinking or American common thinking for that matter. The average American is unflatteringly suspicious of school teachers. He is likely to be affected by the opportunism of the local industrialist or politician more than by the press releases from Teachers College. Our national tragedy is not merely our lack of the right philosophy, but that we feel no need for any philosophy.

Those who are inclined to belief will find confirmation and consolation in Monsignor Sheen's answers to the questions implied in such essays as "Providence and War," "Conditions of a Just War," "Universality of Judgment." The unbeliever may continue to think the author proves too much from too little. As is to be expected in a book of essays, the quality is uneven. "The Revolutionary Tempo," which introduces the essays is elliptical and as confusing as the penultimate essay, "A Declaration of Dependence," is enlightening and excellent.

JOHN P. MONAGHAN.

BRIEFERS

Wine of the Country. Hamilton Basso. Scribners. \$2.75.

ONE of the fall's serious novels. Social criticism of America in the 1940's against a background of New England conscience, Southern voodoo and the primitive mores of the South Seas. At times, particularly at the start, the ideas excessively slow up the story, which is rather successful as a moving study of an oversensitive New England girl. Mr. Basso believes American culture is disintegrating; he brings his tale to a gloomy con-

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BAD BOY—YUGOSLAVS—WINSTON

BAD BOY PLUS \$25, by Karl Detzer, tells how Police Chief Frank J. O'Malley solved the juvenile delinquency problem in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In 1939 there were 135 arrests in the wedge-shaped, half square mile area near the river and the railroad yards. In the twenty-two months since Chief O'Malley started things humming in "the neighborhood" not a single girl or boy has landed behind bars. A lively first-hand account of how he did it.

WHAT WAS JUGOSLAVIA, by Max Fischer, a warmly evocative series of impressions of a land whose spirited resistance to the nazis has not ended with their nation's military defeat. A people such as Dr. Fischer writes about cannot be submerged permanently. A charming personal reminiscence.

RATIONS FOR WINSTON, by Muriel Kent, indicates that *some* of the hard-pressed Britons, at least, have not forgotten their animal friends. "I have never been sure whether the name, promptly given to our Winston on his appearance among us, was more a compliment to the Prime Minister, or the acknowledgment of his own outstanding qualities. At any rate, when he came to us out of the blue in the early part of this year (1941), he seemed a heaven-born diversion from the war."

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clusion amid the swamps of Southern tidewater where hunting dawgs, cock-fighting, swizzling, wild turkey, idling are leading elements in the daily life of his characters. Considerably more interesting than the average American novel.

Marriage Is a Private Affair. Judith Kelly. Harper. \$2.50.

THIS NEWCOMER to national best-seller lists is dreary going. It begins with a trying wedding reception and ends with an abortion. What transpires between is anything but joyous. Both husband and wife are above the average and sincerely try to make a go of things. But as victims of an environment which has lost the Christian sense of the family, and lacking the sustenance of religious faith or articulate ethical principles, they have an agonizing time. Tom's crude manner of alluding to the marriage relationship and his wife's viewing of her children primarily as a bother are particularly distressing. It is all done so convincingly, if unevenly, that one shudders for the future of the American family.

The Legion of Mary. Cecily Hallack. Longmans. \$2.00.

IT WAS a fortunate day for the work of the Legion of Mary when Cecily Hallack was chosen to write its story and describe its spirit. This little book was the last work of the brave and delightful author, whose spirit is enshrined in four other books of which "The Happiness of Father Happé" is perhaps the best known. She tells of the simple moving story of the beginning of the Legion when seventeen persons, mostly poor, began a systematic visiting of the wards of the workhouse infirmary. This work, carried out in the name and under the guidance of Mary, led to an examination of the condition of the down-and-out. The report of the secretary to the Poor Law Commission is of astounding interest and wisdom. Its conclusions were inescapable and resulted in the establishment of hostels for both men and women. The work of the Legion was thus defined and succeeding years have seen its development in Ireland, Scotland, England, India, Africa and China.

No one who cares for the great work of Catholic Action should neglect this short but most illuminating account of one of its phases.

CONTRIBUTORS

Herbert MORRIS is a European labor economist, now teaching in American universities.

Emerson HYNES, with the help of like-minded friends, is building a house near the campus of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., where he teaches.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, because of his German origin, has been transferred from his work as a seamen's chaplain and has been assigned to parochial work in Yakima, Wash.

Theodore MAYNARD'S most recent book, "The Story of American Catholicism," is provoking much interest and controversy.

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